

# The World.

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## THE SNUBBING OF THE SENATORS.

Notice has been served before on the public by the operators that this coal strike is their own affair to be ended only as they see fit, that is to say by the unconditional surrender of the miners. Consequently it must be held that the attempted intervention of the Governor and the three Senators was unwarranted intrusion, literally "meddling," just as Mr. Baer characterized it.

Fresh from an interview with Mr. Morgan the Reading's President said to the would-be conciliators: "I say and I reiterate it that we will not accept political advice or allow the interference of politicians in this, our affair." And though the voice was Baer's the words were Morgan's, from which there is no recourse. The policy adopted and consistently adhered to by the operators since the beginning of the strike, to wit: No arbitration, no concessions and no interference with "this, our affair."

So there was nothing left for the Governor and the three Senators but to bow to the superior power and retreat as the Governor of Pennsylvania retreated, over the same route and at the end of a similarly fruitless mission to Broad street earlier in the history of the strike. What other result could they have expected of their rash intrusion where their presence was resented? Was it to be given to Senators to do what a President had failed to do?

## CHEAP COAL FOR THE POOR.

The charitable plan of the coal-carrying roads to distribute stove sizes of anthracite to the poor in small lots at 15 cents a pall is commendable enough. But 1,500 tons will not go far to feed the fuel famine in the densely populated tenements of the east side. The scarcity which before the approach of cold weather has reduced hundreds of families to the straits of picking up refuse wood in the streets and watching for driftwood at the piers is not to be appeased by this scant dole from the mines. And these distressing conditions will be made worse by the first slight drop in the temperature.

A little quiet aims at home in the way of concessions to their miners would have made this ostentatious city charity unnecessary.

## IF WILLIAMS WERE BACK.

Rumor yesterday had Inspector Williams back in authority at Mulberry street, even at the top, and the imagination of old-timers pictured a return of the golden age of "graft," the "quiet" Saturnian times before the birth of Lexow Committees.

It was a rosy vision while it lasted, a red-light color scheme. It pictured the handsome of New York policemen with nightstick upraised clubbing heads in his progress and incidentally clubbing larger obstacles. A fault in a policeman, but perhaps a venial one in the light of the Hoe riots and one at least not indicating in-difference of character or lack of purpose. It revealed "corner lots in Japan," modest little ventures in real estate by comparison with the enterprises of the larger operators whom the force has since developed. An expansion that has kept even pace with the expansion of the city. It showed the Tenderloin wide open and the man who named it watching the Haymarket in full blast and the Silver Grill. But there was no view of a resort with a visitor's chopped-off head half consumed in the furnace.

It was a brief vision but while it lasted a somewhat picturesque one. It recalled a period of police history when not much consideration was given to "ideals" in the Department and when the real was not all it should be but not wholly objectionable by contrast with ten months of ideals which have resulted in a "condition worse than Deverism," as Dr. Parkhurst phrases it.

## A NAME TO CHERISH.

A Greek immigrant applying for naturalization papers yesterday gave his name as Constantinus Papaconstan-tinopoulos.

It is a patronymic to be proud of if one fancies length and it gives hint of a line of descent from a greater than a Vere de Vere ancestry. One advantage of possessing it would be that a forger could never successfully sign it to a check. But it would be an embarrassing mouthful for love's young dream to lip, and an enemy seeking to use it in haste and anger would run the risk of laryngeal paralysis.

What its owner's vocation is we do not know, but to live up to it he should wear a patriarchal beard and aspire to the Greek priesthood. Either that or open a xenodoxion in Madison street and provide oinot Helleni-ko to refresh the inner man of guests attracted by a name long enough to serve for a whole family.

## SIAM'S CROWN PRINCE.

Boris has gone and now comes Maha Vajiravudh. In the education of a prince a trip to America has become a most important feature of the curriculum. The newcomer, arrived yesterday from London, is King Chulalongkorn's eldest son and Siamese crown prince.

A Siamese prince sees the elephant from his earliest hours, the rare white variety, but there are always pachyderms of a new kind for the inspection of titled visitors in the Tenderloin and elsewhere. The Newport season is unfortunately over and he will be denied the pleasure of studying our high life in its favorite haunts. But the supply of chorus girls' slippers utilizable as goblets is still equal to the demand.

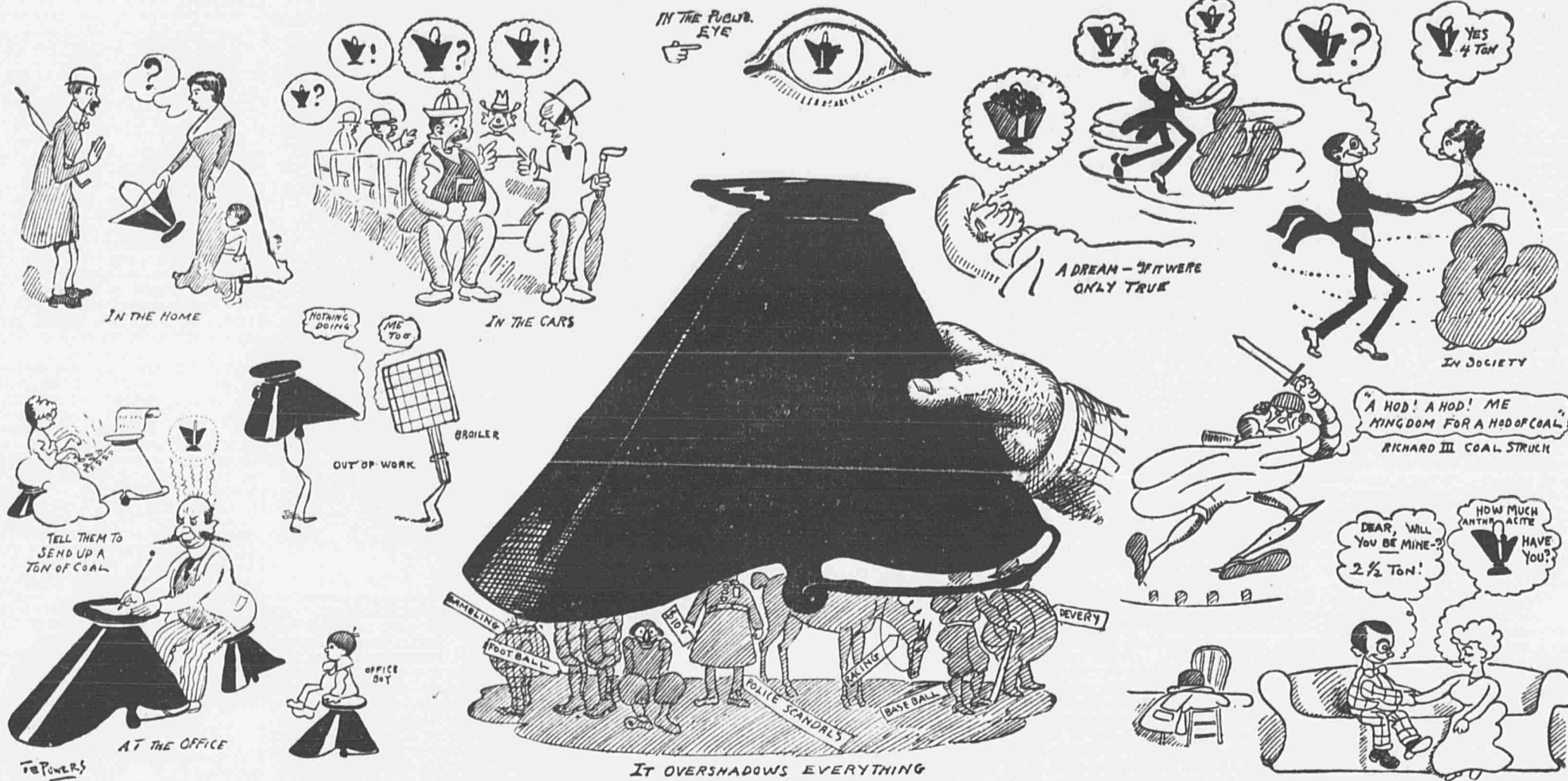
Perhaps it is because of the well-known seductiveness for distinguished young foreigners of such cis-Atlantic diversions that the prince is so well chaperoned. An Assistant Secretary of State, a college professor and a former minister to Siam accompany him on his travels. Any Calypso seeking to have him stay

will find it necessary to use considerable strategy to evade this triple cordon of chaperons. But love can find a way, and the Prince's scalp would be an ornament for any girl's girle.

The offense of "mashing."—A man charged with "mashing" has been arrested at the request of a woman who has been the victim, as she alleges, of his unwelcome attentions. The punishment to fit the crime is that it should be where "mashing" is concerned, a woman who exposes a "masher" performs a public duty and is entitled to a reward. The man who is charged with the offense is liable to a fine or imprisonment, or both, at the discretion of the court.

## The Empty Coal Hod Monopolizes Public Interest.

As You Can See by Artist Powers's Picture.



Coal, coal, coal! The word rings in one's ears everywhere. How to fill the empty coal hod is a problem that confronts a man coming from and going to his home; that fills the conversation of his neighbors in the cars; that mingles with the music of the ballroom and that even finds a place among the sweet nothings that courting lovers lip to each other. There is no topic of the day that the gaping coal hod does not overshadow. It will surely be a big thing on leg if it is not filled before winter arrives.

### ASSURANCE.



Young Lady (who has just had her picture taken)—I hope that the pictures will be handsome. Photographer—Yes, indeed; you will hardly recognize yourself.

### POSITIVELY BRUTAL.



Mrs. Woderly—I wish I could do something to break you of using swear words. Woderly—Well, my dear, you might begin by learning how to make good bread.

### PERSONAL.



Ida—So she left her husband and married again. May—Yes; but she was so terribly insulted during the ceremony. Ida—How so? May—Why, some one whispered: "Grass is starting again."

### AS HE SURMISED.



Sharp—You'd better not trifle with her old man. She will run you down. Wheaton—H'm; does she own an automobile too?

### TOO MUCH PRACTICE.



Little Arthur—Mamma, does every one play a harp in heaven? Mamma—Yes, my son. Why? Little Arthur—Well, I just was thinking if the girl next door takes as long to learn as she did on the piano, how weary the angels will be of hearing her practice.

## Romance of the Dashing Robber, Robert Macaire.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.  
Robert Macaire, an ex-convict, comes to a village in France, where he imposes on the simple peasants, and marries Marie Beaumont, daughter of a rich farmer. He later murders a young man named Pierre Lamar.

### CHAPTER II.

**The Hidden Treasure.**  
AFTER a few months of married life there seemed to come some sort of change over Robert Macaire. He seemed to get rather more restless than he had been, and now and again had manifested sudden fits of passion. These occasions had generally been when he had been refused the loan of money by old Beaumont.

Marie tried to avert such difficulties by keeping her husband supplied with pocket money from her own earnings, but his needs grew greater as the time wore on. Marie, too, had a private trouble, which was also a joy, coming on, and she did not feel strong enough to work as hard as she would have wished. And so the time passed until the spring came round.

Once she awoke suddenly. The hour was late and her husband was not by her side. She rose quietly and stole to the cottage door with careful footsteps lest she should awaken her parents. For a while she stood at the doorway peering out through a chink to see if she could thus get any tidings of her husband. There was no sign of any one about. While she stood thus she heard a sound in her father's room and slipped back into the shadow.

The door opened softly and her father came out. He went to the corner of the little hallway and took his spade. Then it dawned on Marie that he was about to hide the money which she knew that he had received for some beasts the day before.

She saw the form of her father and another man dogging his footsteps. She could not be certain, but she feared that she knew that other form only too well.

With her brain in a whirl and her heart as cold as ice, she threw her cloak around her and followed them.

When her father had gone but a little way into the coppice he stopped and at the foot of a great chestnut tree began to dig. The form of his watcher was visible to her, and her worst fears were confirmed. The man who was watching where her father was hiding his money was her husband!

Robert seemed to have accomplished his purpose in seeing the hiding-place and turned to go home, leaving the old man still absorbed in his occupation. A great fear came on Marie lest he should see her, and in an agony of fright she hurried from the place and was so fortunate as to gain the house and set to bed before Robert stole softly into the room. She pretended to be asleep,

even when, as if to test the soundness of her slumber, he spoke her name softly.

Her only thought now was how she could devise some means whereby she might prevent the truth from being discovered and yet protect her father from the designs of her husband, for she felt that they all stood on the brink of a precipice and that a false step on her part might be attended with the most disastrous consequences.

By degrees a light seemed to come to her. The difficulties became less and less.

### THE BURIED HOARD.



MACAIRE DISCOVERS THE HIDING-PLACE OF HIS FATHER-IN-LAW'S WEALTH.

less, and with the early dawn she sank into a sound sleep, having resolved on a course of action which, although attended with much effort and a considerable degree of danger, might avert the trouble which stared them all in the face.

What she had resolved was as follows: She would go at the first opportunity she might have without risk of casual discovery to the place where the money was hidden, take it away, so as to prevent the temptation to her husband of stealing, and hide it somewhere else until she should have a good opportunity of restoring it to her father without betraying her husband.

The next morning her great concern was to avoid giving Robert an opportunity of going alone to the coppice, and to this purpose she never let him go out of her sight. He was ill at ease and evidently wanted to get away, but as he was afraid that any suspicion would, of course, defeat his object, he had to pretend indifference.

She decided that whatever was to be done ought to be done at once. As soon as she found a moment when she could escape her mother's eye she took a spade and ran to the copse where the remains of the hoard were.

An official inquiry by the authorities was now necessary.

As the inquiry was long and tedious, old Beaumont thought it might be a fitting opportunity for him to change the hiding place of his money. He went quietly away to his own house, and, taking his spade, sought the tree where he had made the cachet and began to dig. Presently he turned up the piece of canvas, and his heart sank within him, for it was empty. The old man was almost distracted at his loss. Frantically he dug and dug, as if the earth could give him back the treasure which had been taken from it. Then when he realized that the savings of his lifetime had gone he was for a while as if dazed.

Presently he woke again to a sense of his loss, and then began to behave in quite an extravagant fashion. He tore his hair and wept and invoked vengeance on the thief.

As a rule peasants are misers. The nature of their work and their lives implies this, for thrift carried to the extreme verge of parsimony is the backbone of their success. Certainly Beaumont in the hour of his loss was an example of the class. No one in all his long life had ever seen him in such a state of mind.

Presently a new idea seemed to strike him, and saying to himself over and over again, "The gendarmes! they will see me righted," he began to run to and fro the wine-shop.

It was a new sensation to the villagers, when the richest and most respected man in the place came running among them calling out, "I have been robbed! You will see me righted."

By this time the gendarmes had gone to their investigation as far as the information allowed them, and were pretty well at fault regarding any proof of the death being the result of a murder. Police, however, the world over, never confess that they are wrong, and the very fact that they are unable to make headway in an investigation is to them an additional reason for the continuance of their suspicion.

Being now quite at fault and almost anxious for an excuse for leaving the matter for the present without having

"What is it?" cried out Beaumont, while Robert Macaire said not a word, but sat still with a white face. Marie's thing seemed to cease beating. Every-

"Pierre Lamar did not go for a soldier after all. The gendarmes were coming over the mountain path and they saw what proved to be his skeleton, and also the skeleton of his mule, for the crows had picked all the flesh from both."

"At the news both men hurried to the shop where the gendarmes had conveyed the remains."

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### BUDDHISM.

It is stated that San Diego, in Southern California, is fast becoming the Buddhist centre of America. In one house there has been erected a shrine to Buddha, and the owner, a woman of means, has brought a Buddhist priest from India, who gathers a large congregation to worship every week.

### ENGLISH.

English is more and more taking the place of French as the language of Russian court circles. The Czarine, English constantly and the Czar also likes to express himself in the same tongue.

### CHEESE.

The best cheese made in Switzerland is usually exported, and is seldom to be had even in the famous hotels of that country.

### TAX DODGE.

Railroads in Kansas are capitalized for more than \$60,000 a mile, but pay taxes on less than \$6,000 a mile.

### NAMES.

G. Ua, of Sargent, Mo., has possibly the shortest surname on record.

### GRIM GIGGE.

A politician who has recently come to the front in the public affairs of Texas.

### ON WHEELS.

Licenses have been taken out for 1,500,000 bicycles in France.

## A FEW REMARKS.

Just at present the Oiled Brick is mightier than its aureate counterpart.

The theatre party succeeds the dinner party in Silman social circles.

For years she'd heard her husband sadly say: "Can't we have pies like mother used to bake?"

At last she cried: "Of course we can, you Jay. When you make dough that papa used to make."

"I notice," says the Alfalfa Sage, "that the President is a friend of union labor. I have been trying all my life to find some one who admits he isn't!"—Kansas City Star.

When is an American citizen not an American citizen? When he's a Porto Rican.

"They say employees in the coal mines are very temperate men."  
"Naturally. The law forbids the sale of liquor to minors."

Patrolman Spogg had one ambition: To reach a higher force position. Each year a new stripe on his sleeve. For work well done he would receive; Until he yearned for blackmail loot. Now Spogg wears stripes from head to foot.

"There goes a good fellow who has hard work to make ends meet," says my friend, indicating a portly person across the street. "So?" I inquired. "Yes. He is an artist's model, and before he got so fat he made good money posing as heroes and demigods, but now he is so obese that the only occupation he can find is an occasional pose as a pure proud autocrat for some cartoonist."—Baltimore American.

Optimists predict that the Alps will be no higher on account of the general strike in Switzerland.

"Such weather as this makes a new man of me."  
"Well, here's hoping the new man won't forget the \$10 that the old man owes me."

The wealth of Newport looks like a case of starvation, at present, compared to the wealth of Newcastle.

No more the bulrush thrives so well Beside the grassy mead. But battered forms and college yell Proclaim the cane-rush here.

"Poverty is no disgrace," said the young woman with ideas of her own. "No," said Mrs. Censor; "it's no disgrace. But it certainly is extremely unfashionable."—Washington Star.

"So the Judge wouldn't listen to what you had to say?"  
"No. He wanted nothing but silence from me, and very little of that."

It is to be hoped that the hospitable man who proposes the health of Prince Maha Vajiravudh may be perfectly sober. Otherwise he'll make the worst sort of "pi" of the royal name.

The new broom at Police Headquarters is not only sweeping clean, but also clubbing laggards into attention.

About this time the turkey begins to wonder what service he has rendered humanity to deserve such good feeding. Like many wiser bipeds he mistakes the shadow of the axe for the shadow of the millennium.

If some people would save up all they are saying about coal and put the language in the furnace it would be hot enough.—Baltimore News.

"What part of the park do you like the best?"  
The woods or lakelet's brink? But she answered, as his hand she pressed:

"The bridal paths, I think."

Mrs. Bragg—Our apartment-house has an old master in the entrance hall. Mrs. Meeker—Really? I thought janitors always lived in the basement.

Freddy—it is said that the ancients often ended their veins to escape serious trouble.  
Jack—Wouldn't it be a good stunt if the operators opened a few of their coal veins now?

Mr. Penn—I see that Mr. Bryan declares the doctrine of free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 is still sound. Mr. Pitt—That it is different from Mr. Bryan, who is neither still nor sound.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The things we hate, as children, are often our chief support in later life. For instance, the snapp, whose tattoo on our anatomy we loathe in extreme youth, is the only thing that keeps us from wholesale tumbling in rounding "L" curves.

A youth with more courage than muscles, a close "L" road crowd tried to hustle, but a friendly "L" guard, When the train reached the yard, Saved at ear and two toes from the tussle.

Will it be a case of "Haul Down" for the Hall of Records?

## SOMEODIES.

BABE, H. M.—is the only Indiana man who is a direct descendant of a son of the American Revolution.

HARRISON, F. B.—of New York, who has been nominated for Congress by the Third District Democrats, is a son of Mrs. Burton Harrison, the famous novelist.

JANUSCHEK, MME.—has more portraits in circulation than any other living actress. Her likeness is stamped on one side of the thaler pieces coined at Frankfort, Germany.

ROEDING, G. C.—of Fresno, Cal., has succeeded at last in raising the first crop of Bryan figs ever grown in this country.

SMITH, BURTON—of Portland, Me., has the only entire collection of autograph letters written by every Governor of Maine since the State was incorporated.

STONE, REV. DR. J. S.—of Chicago, has just returned from England. He says that Roosevelt is so popular over there that if England were a republic and Roosevelt were an Englishman the Rough Rider would be elected president there.